Volume LXIX CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1912 Number 18

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the state? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust,
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—*Edwin Markham in The Need of the Hour.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 275
Road Making Again 276
THE PULPIT—
Psycotherapy Applied to Ethics.—Rev. J. N. Crooker 277
The Sabbath.—Rev. Joseph Fort Newton 279
Report of the Department of Social and Public Service of the American Unitarian Association *Elmer S. Forbes* 282
In a Sweatshop.—*Richard Burton* 283
THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes.—E. P. Powell 284
Grandeur.—*W. M. Letts* 284
The Snowbird.—*Arthur Stringer* 284
THE FIELD—
The Southern Sociological Congress.—A. J. McKelway 285
Books Received 285

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1912. NUMBER 18.

We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society, the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected. . . . Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.

—Emerson, in the Essay on Politics.

This issue of UNITY carries in its date line July Fourth,—"Independence Day," our fathers called it. There is reason to fear that this title is being neglected. It will be a sorry day for the republic when it ceases to be a word to conjure by. When first used it meant independence from foreign domination, independence from monarchial government, independence from aristocratic rule. Now to the leaders on the picket line of progress in the United States, it is the independence from boss rule, independence from partisan tyranny and blindness, independence from the domination of big interests and predatory wealth, independence from costly standards of social custom, conventional dress and the power of dogma that has ceased to represent vital convictions, and, for the young men and women and the boys and girls of the nation, independence from thoughtless noise and boisterous hilarity. Let "Independence Day" be cherished and may its power grow.

Why is a shack in the woods such a coveted luxury and a shack in the city such a deplorable hardship? It is because any kind of thing will do, given plenty of fresh air and sunshine. When deprived of these, life becomes intolerable under any conditions.

Our English neighbors across the water are enjoying the visit of the genial Samuel Crothers. The *Christian Life* speaks of him as "America's most popular essayist as well as her most successful minister." He has been speaking on "America and England," and his humor, keen thrusts, and goodness of heart conquer, there as here. We are glad that Dr. Crothers is only loaned. He cannot be spared from Boston and vicinity, whose disposition to take itself seriously needs to be relieved by the sense of humor which rises to a religious gift and grace in our friend, beloved of UNITY readers as well as others.

Evidently the lack of accurate knowledge of the Bible is not confined to the United States, and a well "established" church does not obviate the danger in this direction. We clip from the *Christian Life* the following result of the annual scripture examination held under the auspices of the London County Council Schools:

"Saul was a man who got order to go and kill all the Roman Catherlics he could. While he was on his journey to find the Catherlics he was stoped. A light from heaven knocked him down." "Cornelius was one of the men to stone Stephen. He could not through the stones hard enough, so he took off his coat." "Ruth was a hard-working Lady. When she was working in the cornfields the owner was pleased, and said she could eat with the other Ladies." "Zacharius was a priest. He was swinging the innocents in the temple."

We are sorry to find that the editor of *St. Nicholas* has seen fit to give the initial article in the July number of this magazine, so attractive to boys and girls, to an illustrated article on "Battle-ship Practice." The article is written by an enthusiast and cannot fail to awaken enthusiasm in the young lad, who is born with the inheritance of a soldier. He comes into the world with a momentum towards a battle field. Here is no hint of the wasted energy, the misdirected science, the foolish expense and, above all, the barbarous intent of it. Surely the editor of a "magazine for boys and girls" has the forming of the ideals of men and women in his charge.

The National Young People's Christian Union Convention of the Universalists is to be held in Chicago the closing days of July. The Rev. Lee McCollester, the newly elected Dean of the Tufts Theological School, is to be in attendance and is to preach at Abraham Lincoln Centre July 14 on "A Modern Confession of Faith." The editor of UNITY regrets that he will not be present in the city to enjoy and profit by the tide of new life that will flow into the city in the interest of the open gospel and the cheerful faith. The doors of Abraham Lincoln Centre will be open to visitors, and the representatives of UNITY will be here to extend to our visitors the glad hand of fellowship.

"Trinity Tenements" is the title of a condensed report setting forth the conditions of all the residence buildings owned and controlled by Trinity Church, New York, that the students of these conditions,—and speak in uncomplimentary terms of the property holdings of this great ecclesiastic plant in New York City, it is but just that we should call attention to this

pamphlet issued by the Tenement House Commission of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, that the students of these conditions,—and we hope they are numerous among UNITY readers,—may investigate for themselves. A copy of this pamphlet can doubtless be obtained by addressing E. W. Dinwiddie, secretary of the above organization, 105 E. Twenty-second St., New York City.

The Indian Messenger, published in Calcutta, announces the publication of the proceedings of "The All India Theistic Conference" recently held in Calcutta. This is a significant title which in the fertile brain of Charles W. Wendte becomes a cry for an "All the World Theistic Conference." If the monotheists of the world were to confess their fundamental unities what a mighty protest they would present against idolatry, superstition and dogmatism. Such a confession would at least bring into line and fellowship the Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, and the progressive and philosophic representatives of modern Hinduism, Parseeism, and probably the cultivated and intelligent representatives of religion in China and Japan. A search for harmonies is always more profitable than the emphasizing of differences.

Death clears many a contest. According to a writer in *Collier's Weekly,* the death of Wilbur Wright has removed all prejudice against this man's claim to the honor of having made flight possible. The European press, we are now told, admits that "there were no real flights in Europe until Wright came with his machine, entirely the product of his own brain." This is well, but we suspect that if the great traveler of the air were permitted to speak once more he would generously demand that his brother Orville should at least be mentioned in the same connection, and the two together would be glad to acknowledge their indebtedness to the humble minister, the Rev. Milton Wright, who presented to the boys in their childhood the toy butterfly that could fly through the air.

Road Making Again

The troubles of the Sheridan Road Improvement Association in and near Chicago are typical of the good road trouble everywhere, and suggest the radical and, to a degree, revolutionary changes that must obtain in public opinion and State and National legislation before the question of good roads is solved in a way to make them an efficient factor in the economic as well as the other higher interests of the community.

The Sheridan Road is a pleasure drive, designed ultimately to connect Chicago with Milwaukee, conceived and largely designed by the great municipal architect, the late lamented Daniel H. Burnham. Stretches of this road, reaching well out into the country to the north of Chicago, have been developed by private enterprise. Millionaires galore have residential and commercial interests along the line, and they have been active in promoting this pride of the North Shore. But after they have done their best as private donors, with the addition of local help, the road bed has proved inadequate, and hence the going is "bad" before the road is completed. These citizens have labored successfully with the Lincoln Park Commissioners, who have promised to take over the road for forty miles or more up the Lake Shore, and negotiations are now being pushed along these lines by an executive committee of energetic capitalists, but they are meeting along the way with special difficulties. The road passes through ten different municipalities and park districts, each one of which has to be persuaded into this co-operative pact, and these local units have to reckon with property owners.

In consequence, the wealthiest suburbanites out of Chicago are beset with difficulties that will take several years to remove before they can equip for themselves a fancy pleasure drive which, when completed, will be closed to traffic wagons and all interests of trade, albeit the road will run through a territory filled with truck gardens and other industries producing freight that can best be handled by the auto-cars.

The vicissitudes of the Sheridan Drive illustrate the unmeasured trouble in the way of the good roads movement so long as the initiative is left in the hands of local units. The town, village, city and even county units appeal to too small a section and command too meager income ever to realize the great thoroughfares that reach from one metropolis to another, from one industrial or social center to another. The railroads which, in the last economic analysis, are only highly specialized roads, built not for private profit but for public weal, have covered the continent with a network of iron because these larger communities were in view. They have been driven ruthlessly through the gardens of the rich and the backyards of the poor. In one way or another, local interests have been compelled to bend to the larger interests of state and country, with the result that eventually local interests, the poor owner of the injured farm and the mangled estate of the rich, have been profited thereby.

It seems a long way before the question of roads can be pushed into national politics. It is doubtful if such a proposition was even suggested to the platform makers who have been so busy these days, but not until such a recognition is achieved will the next great economic step be taken that will urbanize the country and ruralize the city, control railroad rates, at least in short hauls, and give politics and politicians some problems worth while. At the present time the patriot-

ism of suburban and rural tax-payers, as applied to roads, seems to be limited to an ambition to have a good drive-way to the nearest railroad station. The farmer's highest concern is how to get himself and his truck to the railroad, but when the nation stops wasting its money on devil-ships designed to kill men and breed an indolent profession, obeys the Golden Rule and practices as a nation the courtesies that belong to individual gentlemen and ladies, a new and more inspiring task will present itself to the nation. On the theory that a highway can be built for 10,000 dollars a mile, two battle-ships costing 14,000,000 dollars would build fourteen hundred miles of road. The battle-ship is a curse when built. Fourteen hundred miles of road per annum would in ten years make the United States famous on lines leading towards a higher civilization than any yet reached. Then the Executive and Legislative Departments of the nation would have something to do to engage their attention more immediate and "sure enough" valuable than fanciful schemes of water-ways devised and pushed for the benefit of politicians and political schemes. Let the nation take the directest route and build, without begging help from the abutting towns, counties or states, great arterial highways from metropolis to metropolis, the units of which should be five hundred miles or more in length. Then the states will come in for their state roads from court house to court house in fifty-mile or more units, and then there will still be work enough left for local enterprise and taxpayers in building the collateral feeding lines.

To return to the troubles of the Sheridan Road Improvement Association: An executive committee of wealthy men are out "in search of several thousand new members to the Sheridan Road Improvement Association who will pay 5 dollars per annum dues," to the end that "The present deplorable conditions be removed and a fine drive be built and maintained at less expense than the present one, and every one will be benefited and no one harmed." We are sorry for our distressed neighbors of the North Shore. Their trials must be great as they speed in their automobiles over the humpy Shore ride, and so we are in favor of State aid to these millionaires. The nation must come to the help of these distressed suburbanites. Nothing short of state and inter-state appropriations or, better yet, national initiative, will give them the necessary connecting roadways between Chicago and Milwaukee and similar units.

Here is the slogan for the new politics: *Down with battle-ships and on with good roads.* The first trans-continental railroads were a great achievement in their day and the trans-continental boulevards are the near achievements of the future. Here is a political issue worth while.

THE PULPIT

Psychotherapy Applied to Ethics

By Rev. J. H. Crooker

We are, in these days, all disciples and debtors of the new psychology. The wise mother studies the psychology of her growing infant. The skilful teacher must be a psychologist. The doctor has added psychotherapy to his pills and powders. We are all reading about the psychology of mobs and revivals. The novelist sends us off on our vacation with a psychological romance. The politicians, with their ear to the ground, watch for the "psychological moment." The teachings of psychology find their way into shop and store. On them the art of advertising is based, and by them the commercial traveler wins his way. The arid wastes of the "dismal science" now become attractive because political economists follow the psychological method. This new science has invaded the sanctuary, so that the young preacher must be an adept in psychology and Christian nurture finds here a new field and friend.

One of the principles to be forced to the front by psychology is the power of *suggestion.* Its medicinal, didactic, esthetic, civic, and ethical influence is now seen to be very great. The doctor, by the simple suggestion of health, can calm the leaping pulse, ease the throbbing heart, and even stimulate the appetite to a new relish for food. The effective pedagogue does not so much impart knowledge as suggest methods of study and research. We begin to realize that the supreme charm of all the arts lies in the suggestions of form, color, and rhythm. The instructor in morals points out how much depends upon the suggestions of environment; wholesome surroundings help to develop noble characters. The great statesman knows that the glowing expectations of patriotism as suggested by heroic monuments, impressive pageants, inspiring songs, and fiery eloquence are invaluable factors in the making of the commonwealth. We are all constantly students and practitioners in the school of suggestion. The divinest felicities and excellencies of our common human life come through this wide gateway of suggestion.

Just because all this is true, we are able to see, in the light of the principle, how very harmful liquor advertisements are. They produce innumerable evils, but chiefly in two ways: (1) By stimulating a low and vicious appetite; (2) by teaching pernicious errors. Consider the first point. The billboard picture and the newspaper legend in attractive type, both seductively suggestive, constantly keep the use and supposed benefit of liquor before millions of people. Their omnipresent "suggestions" stimulate appetite, and lead directly to its gratification. If this were not true, the liquor men would not annually spend millions of dollars in this manner. Many a man would never think of drinking beer or whisky did not the advertisement awaken the desire in his mind. Just as obscene pictures and amorous poetry create animal passions in

the young, so these liquor advertisements multiply and intensify the popular thirst for liquors. A careful examination would show that the determining impulse toward the saloon comes, in thousands of cases, from the suggestion of liquor advertisements. The educative influence for evil with the young, along this line, is incalculable; and it ought to receive our serious attention.

How often, in turning the advertising pages of the magazine, do we find ourselves saying, as the eye rests upon some attractively presented matter: We never though of it before, but this is something that we must have; and so if one inherits a morbid desire for liquor, how much more powerful the suggestion to drink, from wine or beer advertisements. The pictures, in public places and on billboards, of jolly old men drinking whisky, of elegantly dressed young men and women drinking champagne, and all such suggestive advertisements which everywhere stare at us—these educate our children in evil. If the obscene picture ought to be prohibited, surely these advertisements that turn men, through drink, into the ways of death, ought also to be prohibited.

The second point is this: These liquor advertisements not only suggest evil, but they impressively proclaim innumerable and abominable errors. The child reads in the family newspaper the advertisement which states that "beer is liquid bread." The statement becomes a part of the child's mental equipment. Now, this is not only an untruth, but a very pernicious error. Science has demonstrated that beer is no more "liquid bread" than sawdust is good beefsteak. Nay, more: while the sawdust is harmless, the beer contains a poison (alcohol) which injures every faculty and function of a human being. We do not allow any one to advertise that dirty milk is wholesome. But this is an innocent statement beside the pictorial claims on billboards that liquors are needed by laborers to make muscle, and by students to make brain. All horrible lies, and shown to be lies in every scientific laboratory in the world. And yet, we meekly allow these false statements to educate youths and adults at every corner! It is as wrong for the state to permit these liquor advertisements as it would be to permit attractive commendations of arsenic as harmless and of opium as beneficial. We are still blind to the evil suggestions of the former, because dominated by the ancient superstition that alcohol is a life-giver; whereas, it is a life-destroyer.

When liquor men complain, "Have we not a right to advertise our goods like any other business man?" we reply with reason and justice: "No! You have not; because yours is a trade which, for generations, has been treated as in a class by itself." The very fact that the state has for years made special and drastic laws to regulate or suppress the sale of liquors, shows that this business has long been set apart from legitimate trade. All liquor statutes imply the public conviction that such sales are more or less dangerous to the community. Otherwise we would not have licenses, restricted hours, special police supervision, and regulations as to number and locality. No other business is so treated, because no other is so fraught with evil to mankind. The liquor shop is the only one that directly and constantly produces criminals, lunatics, paupers, idiots, ruined homes, corrupt politics, Sabbath desecration, contempt of law, disorderly and dangerous streets, innumerable accidents, and a high death rate. No other business has such an appalling record.

And being such a menace to human welfare, this business has no right to advertise its wares, whose use is harmful to individual and state, and nothing but harmful. The Lord Chief Justice of England and his associates tell us that drink causes nine-tenths of the crime of the land. And yet we allow brewer and distiller to do all that they can to increase the use of liquor by skilful advertisements. What could be more absurd? Investigators tell us that drink is responsible for a large majority of those who crowd poorhouses. And yet we allow liquor men to do all that they can by suggestive advertisements to induce men to drink what produces paupers. What could be more irrational?

Doctors tell us that the use of alcohol in large or small quantities makes men more liable to disease; those who drink it have less chance of recovery when sick; while it actually creates many forms of disease. And yet we allow the beer and whisky men to push, by suggestive advertisements, the consumption of the very stuff that fills the land with lunacy, cancer, pneumonia, and tuberculosis! What could be more unwise? Psychologists tell us that so-called "moderate drinking" weakens the mental faculties and lessens industrial capacity; so that a drinking man cannot think as accurately, work as fast, or endure as much hardship. And yet we allow the saloonkeeper to cover billboard and newspaper with alluring advertisements to increase the use of that which causes all this mischief! What could be more unreasonable?

What foolishness! Making restrictive laws to lessen the evils of intemperance, but letting the evil suggestions, which aggravate the curse, go untouched! Creating innumerable charities to repair the ravages of beer and whisky, but letting this suggestive billboard profanity feed the roots from which destitution and degradation spring! Organize a crusade against the "white plague," but let these encouragements and temptations to drink, which causes so much disease and death, deface roadside, street-car, and newspaper! Get the children to sign the pledge in the Sunday-school, but let the liquor men plaster every landscape with pictorial lies about beer and whisky that will make ten drunkards where the church saves one! Maintain courts and policemen at great expense, but let this suggestive education toward crime through liquor advertisements inciting to drink that produces a large majority of our criminals—let this abomination go unchecked! Surely, we are today merely toying with the fringes of the drink curse, while we permit a prolific source of these evils to flourish everywhere.

The open liquor shops on almost every corner are bad enough. But to have the liquor interests behind them everywhere appealing by suggestive advertisements (which mislead the young and stimulate evil cravings), to the whole population, and in this very

subtle and effective manner increasing the evils which center in the saloon, this is an intolerable crime against civilization! The license, which the state hesitatingly grants to sell liquor, does not carry with it the right to multiply the evil by all the means known to skilful, seductive, and untruthful advertisements. Laws should be passed prohibiting this evil. But public sentiment needs to be aroused and brought to bear against papers, magazines, land owners, and car companies which now permit such advertisements. Even a postal card shower of protests centered upon offenders in this line would do much good.

The time will certainly come—may it soon come—when the neglect of this prolific source of evil by the state will be looked upon with the abhorrence which we now visit upon piracy, duelling and slavery. As science demonstrates that alcohol as a common drink is a poison doing infinite harm to mankind, as the new psychology makes clear the power of suggestion in general and the vast influence of the evil suggestions due to liquor advertisements, the lover of humanity will see to it that this menace to happiness and progress shall come to an end. The Christian people of America must arise and put a stop to this billboard profanity which is blighting and ruining thousands upon thousands of human lives.

The Sabbath

SERMON BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." Rev. 1:10.

This is a text beloved of the poets, who see in its ecstasy something akin to that ascent of soul which sets a poem in the sky. Longfellow recurs to it often, as though he, too, heard behind him "a great voice, as of a trumpet," and wrote as moved by a spirit other than his own. Even Euripides, who lived on yonder side of Christ, tells us that the poet cleaves to all ecstasy, but beyond all else

> "To ecstasy of prayer.
> Then in us verily dwells
> The God himself,
> And speaks the things to be."

St. John was a prisoner on "that isle that is called Patmos for the word of God, and for the testimony of Christ." How unlike Napoleon on St. Helena, eating out his heart in the agony of wounded vanity and fallen greatness, mingling his bitter musings with the murmurs of the waves. Not so the man of God and the follower of Jesus. Left to ourselves, says a wise mystic, we sink and perish; visited, we lift up our heads and live. The Sabbath is a day of visitation, and the beloved disciple, lonely and old and far from home, was caught away by the spirit and heard the angels singing. His prison became a temple, and the blue Aegean, running like a violet band round his place of exile, became as the sea of glass about the throne of the most high. He was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and the gates of the city of God opened to his gaze.

Surely, this day of song and sermon may be a theme of a sermon, though no speech is half so eloquent and moving as the gentle spirit of the day itself. No one knows how old the Sabbath is. No matter how deep we go into the debris of time—down through the sifted dust of ages to the relics of buried people, we dig up an altar of prayer, a psalm of praise or penitence, and the record of a day holy unto God. So far back does the Sabbath go that it is not easy to find the root meaning of the word. As best we can divine, it seems to mean "a day of appeasement," and tells of a far time when man, fearing the fierce anger of the heavens, sought to placate it with the gift of a day. As the vision of God became more lovely and true, the day of prayer became more beautiful and benign, until in this year of grace its sun rises in glory and sets in promise—a day of beauty, sanctity, and joy.

One thing is certain—the Sabbath sun rose in response to the will of God and the deep need of man, and its light should be so used that it may best serve its gracious ends. It is not a tribute exacted, but a gift bestowed, and its purpose is twofold: that man and beast may rest from their labor and repair their depleted energies; and that man, a child of eternity, may cease from worldly distractions and lift his thoughts aloft lest he be overwhelmed. Without this rest, refreshment and reinforcement, his life would soon become arid and sordid. When Pythagoras taught his beautiful doctrine that the heavenly bodies make music as they wheel in the firmament, he was asked why we never hear "the music of the spheres." He replied that we are not still long enough to hear it. On the Sabbath the din and hum and hurry of the world are hushed, so that he who has ears to hear may listen to the still, sweet music of a life higher than his own. The Sabbath, rooted in the old poetries and pieties of the human heart, is thus a privilege and a necessity of the best life.

It is also an ordinance of memory, a historic memorial of the faith and hope of our race. By that eternal mysticism of the heart, whereby a place or a day is invested with the spirit in which it is set apart, this day has gathered into its quiet hours the holiest memories and associations of humanity. This it is that gives sanctity to all institutions. This it is that hallows the home and makes it an emblem of heaven. This is the "great voice speaking from behind" the Sabbath day, as of a trumpet—the sweet, pensive, joyous echo of a long past, breathing its song and prayer, its sermon and chant, through this day. Said Emerson:

"In the solitude and in the country, what dignity distinguishes the holy time! The old Sabbath, or seventh day, white with the religion of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep—a clean page, which the wise may inscribe with truth, whilst the savage scrawls it with fetishes—the cathedral music of history breathes through it a psalm to our solitude. Two inestimable advantages Christianity has given us: First the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells, and everywhere suggests, even to the

vile, the dignity of spiritual being. And secondly, the institution of preaching—the speech of man to men—essentially the most flexible of all organs, of all forms."

Those who have read that noble masterpiece, "The Children of the Ghetto," by Israel Zangwill, will recall that scene where Esther, after an absence, finds herself again in the dingy little synagogue on the day of atonement. She had freed herself, as she thought, from the trammels of the past, the dead past which she felt was holding her people down with a skinny hand. She rejoiced in her freedom. The service of the day had lost its meaning and become an empty sound signifying nothing. Of a sudden, a profound silence fell, and the tiny Ghetto synagogue became a whispering gallery of the mighty past. A vast army of the dead seemed to return and testify, as Moses and Elias returned on the mount of vision. Again the lonely girl felt her dead self wake—her dead ancestors that would not be shaken off, lived and moved in her. Her eyes grew misty, and she was caught up into a great wave of passionate faith, and from her lips burst words of prayer older than London. She was in the spirit on the Sabbath day.

To one who has a sense of history, a vision of the past and of the depths out of which our race has climbed, this day is a holy memorial. Jesus came not to destroy, but to fulfil. He laid his hand on ancient institutions and transfigured them, investing them with new meaning and richer grace —the Sabbath with the rest. Hitherto, the day of rest had been "the seventh of the week, when God rested from his labor"; henceforth, it was to be on the first day of the week, in honor of the Lord of the Sabbath and his victory over death. As such it was observed by the early church, as may be seen from "The Teaching of the Twelve," a primitive manual of discipline—not as a funeral, but as a festival; as a day of song and gladness and praise. To the lonely exile on Patmos, it recalled his Lord on whose bosom he rested his head in days agone, and in whose light he journeyed toward the sunset, carried by his disciples on a cot, exhorting all with simple words, "Little children, love one another." Thus a new note was added to the historic memorial, and that note has gathered all others up into his melody.

Naturally, the spirit and purpose of the day should determine its observance. The early Christians appear to have had a different Sunday from ours, judging from the letter of Pliny, the younger, to Trajan, describing the Christians in his province of Pontus. They met on the first day of the week before it was light, sang a hymn to Christ, made pledges of fidelity, and then dispersed to their several avocations. Not until the time of Constantine in the fourth century was Sunday observance erected into a statute, and then only in a partial way. Down through the ages the day retained its festal spirit, even among the reformers, and when Knox visited Calvin, he found him playing bowls on Sunday afternoon. So also Luther, with his rich and warm humanity, and his joyous view has been the tradition in Germany ever since. Today, devout men in Germany, Switzerland, and France attend worship in the morning, and in the afternoon give themselves up to various kinds of recreations and games. There is no getting away from the fact that the Continental Sabbath, so much denounced among us, is nearer the spirit of the day than our own.

In fact, it is not the Christian Sabbath, but the old Puritan Sabbath that we have been keeping, and which is now slowly vanishing. The Puritans were not followers of Christ. They were saints of the Old Testament, bound by rules of appalling rigidity, to whom life was a shadow and joy a sin. Forgetting that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, they turned a day of joy into a pious vacuum. Thus a festival of faith, tender, joyous, and eloquent, became a horror of repression and artificial sanctimoniousness. Young people could take a walk, provided they walked in the cemetery, and to read a story was a terrible offense. Many of us recall those long, dull Sundays, when the laughter of life died away, and the shadow of religion fell over the home like a pall. Dickens —that apostle of joy—made protest against this horror in "Little Dorrit," where Arthur Clennam recalls, like an evil dream, he would fain forget—

"The sleepy Sunday of his boyhood when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel, morally handcuffed to another boy; and when he would willingly have bartered two meals of indigestible sermon for another ounce of mutton at his scanty dinner in the flesh. There was the interminable Sunday of his nonage, when his mother, stern of face, would sit all day behind a Bible—bound, like her own construction of it, in the hardest, barest, and straightest boards, with a sprinkling of wrathful red upon the edges of the leaves—as if it, of all books, were a fortification against sweetness of temper and natural affection. Then there was the resentful Sunday of a little later, when he sat with a sullen sense of injury in his heart, and no more real knowledge of the beneficent history of the New Testament than if he had been bred among idolaters."

No wonder many men ignore the church today because their parents forced them to go so much, and in the wrong spirit. They feel that the church would still filch from them a day of rest and recreation, and they resent it. Happily, the old artificial conscience, or sentiment, no longer operates as it did, and a sweeter, truer Sabbath is dawning. There has been a profound and significant change here, due in part to the pressure upon us of changed conditions of modern life. The week is so thronged with duties, so heavy with labor, that men demand that the old prohibitions shall no longer interfere with their right to spend their weekly day of rest in the manner which suits them best. To be sure, there are always those who have no respect or sense of decency, but they are not many. Most men respect the church; but they demand that the church respect them, and since the Sabbath is the only day many of them have to spend with their families and friends, they resent the kill-joy attitude of the church when they go to the woods or to the play-house.

Another factor in the situation is the growing

feeling that religion consists not so much in rites as in a right state of the heart toward God and man. Ruskin stated this feeling when he said that "there is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or mother church which ever was or ever shall be." This feeling, whether right or wrong, is pervasive in our day, inside the church as well as outside, and it alters the attitude of men toward ritual. With the old compulsions gone, what must the church do to maintain its influence in the world? For one thing, it must think less of itself, its prestige, and claims, and more of the humanity it would help. It must fall back on the intrinsic beauty and magnetic power of its message to the soul of man. Is this, after all, so alarming a prospect, so desperate a position? We should be faithless and craven to think so. It is no worse a position; it is a far better one, indeed, than that of the early church, whose gospel was regarded as an alien and outlawed faith. Yet that church, despite its disadvantages, perhaps because of them, was radiant with beauty, power, and the lure of a unique and compelling joy.

Once more the church is being put on its mettle; once more it is being asked to show the stuff it is made of. Is it afraid of the challenge? The way out of the tangle lies not in proscriptive measures, but in an increased attractiveness of the church and its services. Some of these latter, especially in the evening, should be shortened. There is no virtue in ninety minutes; often sixty would be better, if they were rightly used. But length or shortness here is not the main thing. Binney said that he often preached an hour and his people thought it ten minutes, and sometimes he talked ten minutes and his people thought it an hour. Tediousness is not an affair of the clock, but of the man. Spurgeon often preached at length, but not all the theaters in London could keep the people away. Such men are few. Genius is as rare in the pulpit as it is elsewhere. What, then, in defect of eloquence, is to be the attractiveness of the church?

What is the attraction of the home? There is no essential decay there, despite the myriad outside inducements to leave it. And why? Because, there, in his home, poor as it may be, a man finds the seat of his dearest joy, the people whom he loves best; the place where he is freest, and most himself; where he is best understood, and where, in his weariness and discouragement, he meets the most helpful sympathy. Just so, when the church, by the devotion of its pastorate, the breadth and sweetness of its sympathies, reaches the people with the word of cheer and the grasp of help; when it makes its temple a seat of fraternity and a home of the soul, it will have no need to fear the Sabbath question. Then, and only then, it will remain a regenerative force of humanity, the center of its noblest aspirations, its finest fellowships, and its highest hopes.

For example, ever so often the question comes up in our city as to whether the play-houses should be closed on Sunday. What is the just, wise, Christian view of the matter? To close the play-houses against those who work all week, or at night, and have no other opportunity to attend a play, or to see to it that no play that brings a blush to the face of purity is seen in the city on any day? The stage can prosper without the church, but the church ought not to dispense with the stage. The church cannot injure the drama, and it might do much to improve it, and increase, in so doing, its own utility and beauty. It is better, said Jeremy Taylor, to plow upon holy days than to do nothing or to do viciously. To those who go to the play-house on the Sabbath, it is enough to repeat the words of Jesus, unrecorded in the gospels. Observing a man working on the Sabbath, he said:

"O man, if thou knowest what thou doest, thou art blessed; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law."

Surely, this is wiser and more winning than to lay down an iron rule and brandish a threat. Jesus sought to free the Sabbath from petty, rabbinical rules and make it a festival of fellowship—a day of joy unrestrained only by the dignities and sanctities of life. For so doing, he was regarded as a Sabbath-breaker, and his saying that the Sabbath is made for man, was held to be an heretical utterance. Let us follow him and make our Sabbath sweet, gracious, and joyous—a day of Christ, full of his gladness, his spirit of freedom, friendship, and good-will; our religion not a shadow, but a real presence; our faith not a fetter, but a fellowship with all things good and true and lovely. What is the spirit of the Sabbath day? It is the spirit of Christ. Nor could the deeper meaning of it all be better stated than by Isaac Penington:

"Christ is the rest of the gospel, as he is also its Holy Land; believing in him is entering into this rest. Here is the Sabbath, and the keeping of it. Keeping to the spirit, we cannot transgress the righteousness of it, though we may learn not to esteem one day above another, but esteem every day, no days having ever had real holiness in them one above another. But as his day dawns, those things which were the shadow of it, fly away."

One cry echoes through the prayers of all ages. It is a cry for peace. The human heart is troubled about many things, and longs for a great God-given rest. He who finds his true Sabbath in the Lord of the Sabbath, finds the peace that is above all price, even rest unto his soul. These are they who "carry music in their hearts through dusty lane and wrangling mart." They are in the spirit on the Sabbath day, and its strength and holy stillness hallow all the days.

The co-operation of all for the benefit of the few, we are going to put into the rag-bag where Reform keeps the other old clothes of history.—*Henry Demarest Lloyd.*

Lord of the vastly tent of heaven,
Who hast to thy saints and sages given
A thousand nights with their thousand stars,
And the star of faith for a thousand years,

Grant me, only a foolish rover
All thy beautiful wide world over,
A thousand loves in a thousand days,
And one great love for a thousand years.

—*Bliss Carman.*

Report of the Department of Social and Public Service of the American Unitarian Association

The Department has continued through the year the well established and permanently useful forms of its work, and has also undertaken others of a constructive character which mark a distinct advance.

1. As a bureau of counsel and information. It is scarcely necessary to speak at length of the details of this phase of work, as they have been fully covered in previous reports. The constant calls upon the secretary indicate that many churches are striving to meet the new demands of the time upon them, and have certainly demonstrated that so far as they are concerned, whatever may be their shortcomings, indifference to the public welfare is not one of them.

2. The Social Service Bulletin. Five numbers of the Bulletin have been published within the year: No. 18, Vocational Guidance, by Meyer Bloomfield; No. 19, The Improvement of the Rural School, by Harlan Updegraff; No. 20, Knowing One's Own Community (double number), by Carol Aronovici; No 21, Social Service for Young People in the Church School, by Clara Bancroft Beatley; No. 22, The Church at Work, by Elmer S. Forbes. Three numbers have been original contributions and two have been reprints. All have been timely, and we wish here to record our cordial thanks and appreciation for the interest shown in this form of service both by authors who have written special articles for the Bulletin, and by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the publishers of the *Educational Review*," who have kindly allowed copyrighted matter to be printed.

In all, twenty-two numbers of the Bulletin have been published, and their current value, their up-to-date quality, is shown in the fact that within a few months it has been necessary to reprint several of the very earliest issues. The series has gained a wide circulation, extending far beyond the limits of the Denomination. Calls for it as a whole or for particular numbers have come from colleges, boards of trade, civic leagues, libraries and organizations and committees of all kinds. Many appreciative letters have been received, from a few of which it is worth while to quote as showing the regard in which the Bulletin is held:

A Professor of Poltical Economy: "Permit me to thank you for this valuable series of pamphlets. I have looked them over carefully, and find the following numbers of real value in conection with my work here. . . . Would it be possible for me to obtain extra copies of any of these for distributing to my classes?"

A Bureau of Municipal Research: "This Bureau has received a complete set of your Social Service Bulletins and wishes to return thanks to you for the favor. Such of them as have been examined seem to be of vital importance in the work of social betterment. The effect of these publications, if they are widely distributed, ought to be of great influence in educating the civic consciousnes of the American people. You are to be congratulated upon this collection of papers."

The Managing Editor of an important Magazine: "Let me here record a word of hearty appreciation of the splendid service which you are rendering through the publication of these bulletins."

The Secretary of a Child Labor Association: "I am much indebted to you for the leaflets you sent me. I have found nothing published by any of the Social Service Commissions so instructive, because of its details, as your Bulletin No. 1, and I would like to place a copy of this in the hands of each one of the delegates of the State Conference, which I shall address next Thursday."

A Public Library: "We should be glad to receive a complete set of the Social Service Bulletin, and will make good use of them. I shall take pleasure in recommending them to other libraries in this section."

3. Housing Reform. Since the last report housing reform throughout the country has attracted increasing attention. The cost of slums in terms of life and property has become so enormous that an effort to meet the problem can no longer be avoided. The choicest asset of a state is its citizens, and it has been discovered that the conditions under which thousands of human beings are living are undermining health, destroying morals, spreading disease, raising the death rate, and increasing poverty, to say nothing of that which follows in their train. Bad housing strikes equally at physical strength and moral character. Furthermore, directly and indirectly it is a cause of vast expense. Exact figures are not at hand, but there seems to be no question that a large part of the cost of our penal system and of charitable relief of all kinds can be traced to the miserable living conditions found so generally in growing towns and cities. Improvement of the dwellings of the people is one of the most fundamental and necessary reforms, but one which cannot come quickly. The selfish interests arrayed against it are too powerful and the community itself as a whole is not yet sufficiently awake to its vital importance. There must be a long campaign of education before there can be any general advance, and here the churches have an unusual opportunity of useful service. Especially is this true in Massachusetts, where at this session the legislature has passed a law which enables any town or city to prevent the development of slum conditions if they have not yet appeared, or if they have appeared to check their extension. Unitarians were active in the preparation of this measure, and Unitarian churches may well take the lead in securing its adoption in their respective communities. As last year, the Secretary has given much time to the subject, and many churches have shown themselves sympathetic towards it. The Committee on Housing Reform has clearly pointed out how effective work can be done so that now no church need delay action on the ground that it does not know what to do or how to do it. In the whole round of social service there does not seem to be a more promising field for constructive effort.

4. National Committees on Social problems. The Unitarian Commission on the Church and the Social Question recommended that a number of committees should be formed in the Department of Social and Public Service, to consider problems of social interest and to suggest ways in which the churches could bring their influence to bear upon them. Eighteen committees have been organized, and all but one have presented reports of progress which have been published and distributed in a separate pamphlet. The membership, as will be seen, is a distinguished group of men and women drawn from all parts of the country. Because they are so widely scattered, but few meetings have been possible, and consultations have had to be carried on by mail. This is a tedious process, and the fact that, notwithstanding, such a body of valuable observations and suggestions has been produced the first year is an evidence of the keen interest in social questions taken by the denomination at large and especially by the members of these committees. For the most part the work of preparing the reports has fallen to the chairmen, and the Secretary wishes to express his cordial appreciation of their unfailing patience and courtesy in all the lengthy correspondence conected therewith. Following the recommendations of the report of last year, the chairmen of the committees have been organized as the Council of the Department. The function of the Council is to consider how the interest of the churches in the work of the committees may be enlisted, and to advise upon any other matters which may come before the Department. Two meetings of the Council have been held, and it is proposed to hold them regularly hereafter in the months of October, December, February and April.

5. Social Service Committees. It was quickly seen that if the suggestions of the national committees were to receive proper attention there must be some link between them and the churches, some regularly constituted body in every congregation whose duty it should be to receive and lay them before the people for consideration and action. Nothing shows more clearly the long way the churches have come in a short time than the readiness many of them have shown in supplying themselves with this bit of necessary parish machinery. Until recently scarcely a church recognized publicity in its organization that had any responsibility for the social welfare. Activities were largely confined to promoting local church interests and those of the denomination, and except in special emergencies they did not concern themselves with outside affairs. Today this attitude is changing rapidly. One after another the churches are accepting the burden of social obligation and are studying how they can best discharge these unaccustomed duties. As a first step they are providing themselves with social service committees which will keep them in touch with the national committees and which will also be their executive arm in dealing with matters of local welfare. Thus far thirty-one churches have reported the organization of these committees, and probably half as many more, at least, have been formed which have not yet been reported. It is to be hoped that every church will add such a committee to its parish organization. The social service work of a church is primarily laymen's work. The duty of the minister lies in a different direction, and he cannot justly be made responsible for the duty of the people as well as for his own. At the same time there must be leadership in service, and it would seem that this can best be supplied by some such committee as indicated, composed of men and women who are actually engaged in work for the common good. For further discussion of this subject reference may be made to Social Service Bulletin No. 22, "The Church at Work."

6. Recommendations. Our machinery of social service is now fairly well developed. A group of experienced and active committees in this Department is pointing out where work for the public welfare is needed, and committees in the churches are bringing their suggestions to the attention of the people. At present, however, committees and churches are working too much as individual organizations and there is not enough community of action. Thus far the whole undertaking is hardly more than a new and interesting entrance into the boundless field of social endeavor. As time passes mistakes will be made, plans and methods will be tried and abandoned, and here and there enthusiasm may be expected to wane. There is danger lest discouragement and indifference follow upon high hopes and glowing anticipations. To avert this danger district social service conferences or institutes should be held from time to time for discussion of the ways in which the churches can best carry forward this new work, and most effectively relate themselves to similar movements beyond their own borders. And once a year a sociological conference should be held in which the larger questions of social readjustment may be considered. Problems and questions in which many members of the churches are deeply interested may then be discussed which from their nature cannot now be taken up either by this Department or by the churches as organizations. By such meetings the interest of the churches in social service, which is really the visible expression of religion, will be sustained and deepened, further advance may be planned, and new positions once occupied may continue to be held.

—Elmer S. Forbes, Secretary.

IN A SWEATSHOP

Pent in, and sickening for one wholesome draught
Of air—God's gift that cities sell so dear,
They stitch and stitch. The dim lights fall upon
Bent bodies, hollowed bosoms and dead eyes.
Their very mirth is horrible to hear,
It is so joyless! Every needle-stroke
Knits into dainty fabrics that shall go
Where Fashion flaunts, the protest and the pain
Of ravaged lives, of souls denied their food.
At last the clock-stroke! From the beetling shop
The prisoners file, and up and down the street
Scatter to hutches humorists call Home,
To sin, to die, or, if it may be, clutch
Some pleasure fierce enough to drown the thought
That on the morrow they must meet again.

—Richard Burton, in The Atlantic.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

From the Macmillan Company, I get "Woman and Social Progress." This book is rightly defined as a discussion of the biologic, domestic, industrial, and social possibilities of American women; in other words, it is immensely discursive, in style and in contents. It is largely historical; stops to argue occasionally; is exceedingly illustrative of its topic, and all in all is very interesting. It discusses "women as spenders," "the political status of women," "the new leisure for women," "college education for girls," and does not bother itself to keep right down to any special topic. In other words, you must understand that the book is an ollopod about women. It is almost a cyclopedia. It quotes poetry and apothegms and history freely; and on the whole it proves a great many points. It asserts that "men have always over-emphasized their part in the progress of world-making;" to which it adds that "the biologic world is a female world." We have nothing to say to the contrary. We do not disagree with the closing passage of the book that "if woman mean all that she may well mean in the future, she must realize her own possibilities, and see in them a measure of the potentiality which is expressing itself in social evolution and progress."

From the same house I get "The Church and Society," by R. Fulton Cutting. This is one of the volumes of "The American Social Progress Series." The intent is to discuss the co-operation of organized Christianity with the State. The drift just now is very strongly toward a modified unity of church and state. The idea was very recklessly expanded that the church and state had nothing to do with each other. We remember that just before the Civil War we were told that the church must preach religion and let slavery alone. That sort of doctrine has gone out, and every church assembly is now expected to meddle with every conceivable reform. It is a valuable addition to the series; and the series is important.

"The Friar of Wittenberg" is the title of a novel by William Stearns Davis, and published by the Macmillans. I have read but little as yet of this volume, but what I have read warrants me in saying that it is not only deeply interesting, but historically illustrative. Mr. Davis is author of "A Friend of Caesar" and "God Wills It." I shall report these to UNITY as soon as possible and shall have more to say of this volume in hand.

The Country Gentleman is admirably edited, which makes it an exception among agricultural papers. It keeps a broad vision also of affairs, and what is curious is that a file of this paper ten years from now will be a history of progress in politics as well as agriculture. In other words we may be sure that hereafter the American government will not stand for commercial tariffs so much as for better agriculture and conservation of our natural resources.

The Literary Digest is improving with every number, and that is saying a good deal for it. It stands for a steady policy of industrial and political advance, while strictly adhering to its official position as reporter of the American press. Its tone and atmosphere are wholesome. It is highly to be recommended as a paper. While you pay no more for it than for a daily newspaper, you do not pay for a line of slush.

The Independent gives us its annual "vacation number;" something charming this time, even better than it has ever produced before. Mr. Holt might have given us his vacation in Japan, if he had not already told the story substantially in previous numbers.

E. P. POWELL.

GRANDEUR

Poor Mary Byrne is dead,
An' all the world may see
Where she lies upon her bed
Just as fine as quality.

She lies there still and white
With candles either hand
That'll guard her through the night.
Sure, she never was so grand!

She holds her rosary,
Her hands clasped on her breast,
Just as dacint as can be
In the habit she'd been dressed.

In life her hands were red
With every sort of toil,
But they're white now she is dead,
An' they're sorra mark of soil.

The neighbors come and go,
They kneel to say a prayer,
I wish herself could know
Of the way she's lyin' there.

It was work from morn till night,
And hard she earned her bread;
But I'm thinking she's a right
To be aisy now she's dead.

When other girls were gay
At wedding or at fair,
She'd be toiling all the day,
Not a minyit could she spare.

An' no one missed her face,
Or sought her in a crowd,
But today they throng the place
Just to see her in her shroud.

The creature in her life
Drew trouble with each breath;
She was just "poor Jim Byrne's wife"—
But she's lovely in her death.

I wish the dead could see
The splendor of a wake,
For it's proud herself would be
Of the keening that they make.

Och! little Mary Byrne,
You welcomed every guest.
Is it now you take your turn
To be merry with the rest?

I'm thinking you'd be glad,
Though the angels make your bed,
Could you see the care we've had
To respect you—now you're dead.

—W. M. Letts in the London Spectator.

THE SNOWBIRD.

Still wid his wee ould bosom warm,
Och, mad as hare or hatter,
He pipes and jigs through iv'ry storm—
So what can winter matter?

Faith, laugh and leave your tears behind,
And sing thro' toil and trouble—
There's still a kind of bein' blind,
That's more than seein' double!

—Arthur Stringer.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE SOUTHERN SOCIOLOGICAL CONGRESS

Commissioner Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma, on a visit to Nashville, suggested the sociological congress to Governor Ben W. Hooper. Governor Hooper, once an orphan boy, and now interested in all social reforms—he used his influence for the advanced Tennessee child labor law and is deeply concerned over prison problems—instantly favored the suggestion. Having sought the aid of J. E. McCulloch, who acted as executive secretary, he called the congress to meet in Nashville, May 7 to 10. Two directors were appointed from each state, and the District of Columbia, a program was arranged, on which appeared the names of a large number of Southern students of social problems, and the meeting attracted many national leaders in the field of social work. The first question before the organizers of the conference was whether the Southern Sociological Congress should be made a permanent organization. It was felt at the initial meeting of the board of directors that the congress had no justification for existence on any theory that there are social problems peculiar to the Southern states. It was agreed that the negro problem, down for a full share of discussion, was most acute in the Southern states, but was itself only one phase of the same racial problem which confronts the people of the Pacific Coast. So far as this is part of the city problem, the people of New York and Philadelphia share it with the people of Savannah and New Orleans. It was agreed that problems of child welfare, of the care of dependent, delinquent, afflicted, and working children, with questions of infant mortality, child hygiene, and recreation, were by no means peculiarly Southern problems. Nor could the case be made out for any other of the topics discussed.

One of the opening addresses was on "Southern Problems that Challenge Our Thought," but the speaker, G. W. Dyer, professor of sociology at Vanderbilt University, confined himself largely to the problems of the city which have become acute in the South through the rapid change in recent years from rural to urban community life.

On the other hand, it was felt that the conference would be of unquestioned value in mobilizing Southern resources and Southern interest for advancing upon the common social problems of the nation, and it was argued that a Southern congress would be more largely attended by Southern people interested than would the National Conference of Charities and Correction, except when that body met in a Southern city. Alexander Johnson estimated that attendance at the national conference in a Northern or Western city would cost the 700 or 800 delegates at Nashville $30,000 more in traveling expenses alone. The registration at this congress was far in excess of the registration from the Southern states at the national conference.

The educational value of discussions carried by Southern newspapers was also a consideration in favor of a permanent organization, and it was felt that there was a large amount of undeveloped talent for leadership in social service in the South, which these interstate meetings could bring to the surface. Leaders would come to know each other, and "swap" experiences. The decision therefore was to make the organization a permanent one, to have annual meetings, but to hold them in conjunction with the national conference whenever that body came to a Southern city. The experience of the national body was largely drawn upon in framing a constitution.—*A. J. McKelway, in the Survey.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, 4th Ave. and 30th St., New York.

Prayers in the Congregation and in the College, by James Martineau, pp. 64.

The Temple of Lfe, by Ernest Newlandsmith, pp. 160.

Cats and Cradles from Many Lands, by Kathleen Haddon.

Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa, by Alfred R. Tucker, bishop of Uganda.

Half a Man, by Mary White Ovington, pp. 236; $1.00 net.

The Reason of Life, by William P. DuBose, M. A., LL. D., pp. 274.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

The Heart of the Master, by William Burnett Wright, D. D., pp. 247; $1.25.

The Unitarian Advance

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